

A Clauncher Tail

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Summary: A very short story. Just a normal dinner with the Team Rocket trio.

A Clauncher Tail

Meowth happily carried a now fainted Clauncher in his mouth as he trotted his way back up a narrow path that wound from a miniature cove near a small abandoned hut him and his partners had taken refuge in. Springing momentarily to use his front paws to open the front door, he peeked his furrball head just inside to scan the interior.

Empty. Exactly how he wanted it. Having only caught a small runt of a Clauncher. Meowth had no intentions to share.

Scurrying his way inside the hut to the kitchenette in the corner. Meowth plopped the limp lobster-type Pokemon into the sink and proceeded to scamper to the opposite side of the room digging his way through a pile of junk he was sure had been left there by the last inhabitants.

Meanwhile, outside of Team Rocket's hideaway, a stealthy pack of resentful crustaceans were beginning to gather. Using their large claws they began tunneling into the earth beneath the hut.

"Now, where did that small pan go?" Meowth grunted as he dug into another cardboard box. "Ah-ha found it!"

Leaping down from another box and padding over to the stove he began preparing to cook. Now sporting a small chef's hat and apron with a short message, '_Kiss the cat!_' on his belly.

Behind Meowth in the corner a worn out floorboard popped up. A blue stream of Claunchers began climbing through in search of their small friend glancing up as Meowth had it ready to be set in a boiling pot

of water.

The pack let out a loud cry, "_Claaaaauuuu-!" _Launching a group attack at Meowth knocking him to the floor and causing the runt to be flung into the air, in that moment the front door swung open, with a curious James, "Hey Meowth, why is there a big hole outs-.." making a quick dodge as a flying lobster soared overhead and landed in the face of the red haired Rocket directly behind him. The Clauncher fell to the floor trembling and darting away.

Meowth intercepted the small Clauncher pouncing on it. The group relentlessly attacked him again.

"Oh no ya don't! I caught this guy fair and square!"

Struggling in a pile of sea creatures with a torn apron and ruffled fur the sight James saw before him was quite pitiful.

"What could make this anymore pathetic?" He sighed quietly to himself.

Feeling a disturbance growing he looked back over his shoulder to see a now enraged Jessie behind him. Stepping aside he dared to ask, "Jess, are you okay?"

The look in her eyes could make even the sweetest Swirlx turn sour.

Pushing passed James, she bee-lined to the pile of Claunchers and Meowth who were all still in ferocious battle amongst each other.

James stood at the doorway blinking as he scanned the room before him. Insanity had broken out as a blur of blue, light brown, and red flashed about in a tangle of attacks. He watched quietly commenting on the blows he witnessed as Jessie's boot met with a Clauncher's head, followed up with Meowth's tail being clamped by a big blue claw.

Getting bored, James found a safe area on the floor away from the brawling. He set down a plastic bag he had been carrying in his arm. Setting a cloth on the floor he set down 3 plates, utensils, a few cartons of take out, and a jug of lemonade. Sitting down he picked up his own plate and began scooping his meal.

While in the background the scuffling began quieting down as the Claunchers filed out through the hole in the floor. Within a few minutes Jessie and Meowth sat on the floor huffing, puffing, beaten, and scratched up both scooted themselves over to their respective spots near James.

The trio soon fell into a comfortable silence as they filled their stomachs on cheap noodles and veggies.

A few moments passed.

Stuffed and now content all three settled back getting lost in their own thoughts.

"What a delightful dinner that was." James declared at last receiving

a unified sound of agreement.

End
file.